

Marketing Education/Marketing Essentials/Project 1

READING CONNECTION

Title:	Moviegoer Mayhem
Performance Tasks:	2.05; 2.06; 2.07; 2.08; 2.11; 2.12
Sunshine State Standards (LA, MA, and SC):	LA.A.1.4.3; LA.A.2.4.1
Essential Skills (e, m, and s):	e15; e24
Rigor and Relevance (quadrant):	C – Assimilation
<p>Instructions to Teacher: The students will be assigned a reading called Moviegoer Mayhem by Renee' Rades related to Interpersonal Skills in the real world. Before the selection is read, point out unfamiliar words and discuss the meaning of them. This reading can be conducted as Popcorn reading. Popcorn reading is where one person leads off the reading. As soon as that person is done reading the selected portion, another person pops up and reads another selection. This format continues until the end of the article. After the reading is done, the students will answer five (5) FCAT generated questions (some short and some extended response) regarding the article.</p>	
<p>Instructions to Students: Unfamiliar words can be highlighted or written off to the side on the margin with the meaning of each. After this is done, the selection will be conducted as Popcorn reading. Popcorn reading is where one person leads off the reading. As soon as that person is done reading the selected portion, another person pops up and reads another selection. This format continues until the end of the article.</p>	
<p>Instructions for Learning Style Modifications: These students will not be expected to participate in the Popcorn reading. Their reading will have to be done on their own with the teacher's help. An audio version of this reading is an option.</p>	
<p>Assessment for Activity: FCAT response questions; Three short response and two long response</p>	
<p>Approximate Length of Time for Activity: 90 minutes</p>	
<p>Materials Needed: Handout, highlighter, pen or pencil</p>	
<p>Activity: This story is being utilized to show attitudes and the critical thinking that goes on within the relationships of co-workers.</p> <p>Note to the Teacher: Before the FCAT questions are answered, lead an open discussion using the following questions:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Why did the narrator react the way she did to the unruly boys? 2. What should narrator have done? 3. Explain the difference between the narrator's reaction to the incident and the manager's. 	

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READING CONNECTION (continued)

Moviegoer Mayhem

Renee' Rades

It was in my senior year of high school that I got my first “real job” working at a local movie theater. I was a box office ticket girl and I hawked popcorn, soda and candy in the concession stand. Our team was a cross between *Degrassi Junior High* and *Catch 22*, it was a miracle that the theater neither burnt to the ground nor served as headquarters for an adolescent revolution. Customers and employees constantly came to blows over anything that could be argued. The ever-changing management would look on from a window in their office and swoop down once it was decided that their action was going to make them look good. A few of us actually worked from the dichotomy that good customer service leads to repeat customers while some customers were just not worth the \$4.75 an hour we were making as minors.

Among them were the couples who brought colicky babies into action/thriller movies and found out that lo and behold the baby cries at the sound rapid gunfire. Then there was the woman who'd demand that we pop the popcorn without oil since we'd nearly killed her poor hubby last week with it- we later found out that “hubby” would bring the popcorn back and ask for extra butter and salt.

“In the middle and on the top, you girls sure do wonders for an old man like me,” he'd say as he stuffed a handful into his mouth and groan with pleasure of having popcorn done right. Nobody could blame the guy- death by butter had to be better than her hen pecking!

Among my favorites were unattended youngsters who attempted to sneak into rated R movies. They'd get tickets to go see the kid flick of the week, come out halfway through the film and buy snacks, then head off to goriest thing we would play. I'd catch them leaving the concession stand and ask them where their tickets were.

“Uh... My mom's got 'em,” one of the kids, usually a prepubescent boy, would say as he stared up at me through a bag of popcorn, box of sour gummy candy and a large tub of soda.

“Okay, but I could swear that I just saw you come from the other side of the theater. Do you need help getting back to your seats?” And with that, I'd put on my biggest “May I help you?” grin.

A simple glance at the rest of the entourage told me that the story was not panning out. After a brief moment of awkward silence, one would get impatient.

“Man, forget you!” he'd exclaim, and start off to the group's intended, yet forbidden, destination. “I'm gonna do what I want!”

Groups like that would only get about halfway down the corridor before I or one of my more vigilant coworkers would jump the concession stand and take off after them. The younger, more lenient ushers knew not to get in my way when I was going in after a group like that, even though it was their job to show guests to the theaters.

Sure, my legs were bad even back then, and the *Dukes of Hazzard* style slide over the counter didn't help, but I took these kinds of imps out for sport. After working there over the summer and into the fall, I had grown weary of the cycle of kids getting into R movies and the constant threat of losing my job and being charged in the corruption of today's youth if it is not stopped. As if I alone could control the movements of the children of Southwest Volusia County!

The saccharine sweetness of my previous approach was gone. In its place, I'd come up on the kids like a lioness going after her prey.

“You're not going into that movie,” I'd say in their ear, close enough to let them know that they'd been had, but nowhere near enough to touch them. The sinister tone was usually enough to stop them in their tracks, some would surrender sheepishly, and others would stand defiantly amused.

“Look, I saw you come out of a theater on the other side of the corridor,” I'd say as if I was explaining the plot to a B rated spy thriller. “Now, if your mom is *actually* in the other theater waiting

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for you, she will have to be the one who comes out for you. You can either wait out here for your mom, or go back to the other show- that you have tickets for. Got it?"

That was usually enough for some, the ones who knew they were caught, but happy to know that they weren't being sent off with the local police. I didn't always get so lucky. Sometimes, the retort was littered with obscenities, and about halfway through the prepubescent tirade, the general manager would come out and tell the kids to leave the property. Of course, my rescue by management was always about five minutes after a kid really blew his top and tried to get violent. Even then, it came with an apathetic "C'mon kids, lets go" shooping.

"You guys don't know me!" some would yell as they made their exit. "My mom lets me watch that stuff all the time! Forget you, I'll never bring my money to this stupid place again!"

...Well, at least that's the "cleaned up" version of what was usually said. Of course, the same kids would be back next week for another kiddie flick and attempt at seeing the wonders of a rated R raunch-fest. I had to wonder if these kids acted the same way at home or at school and if the parents had anything to do with the public outbursts of blatant disrespect for authority.

After Christmas, they would arrive with cheap BMX bikes and skateboards, in an effort to do stunts off of our handicap ramp during the matinee. The sight of gravity-defying youngsters thoroughly terrified the set from the local retirement homes that came by for half-price tickets. I'd nag the kids, like any watchful big sister would, then I realized that my own boss was allowing them to do it.

It was just before I left for college that I pretty much gave up on trying to corral the kids- they weren't mine, I wasn't their babysitter, and my boss basically gave me the go-ahead to write off their behavior unless it disrupted other customers. The same gang of kids that I had to deal with for nearly a year were at it again, skating, biking and hurling foul language at me and my job.

"You know what, guys?" I said through the mouthpiece of the box office window after suffering through another afternoon of insults and nearly missed collisions with other patrons. "You guys wanna act like jerks? Go right on ahead. But if you do something stupid and get hurt, what am I supposed to do?"

The oldest of the kids shrugged, he was 14 at the time. "I dunno, do whatever you want, just leave me alone and do your own stupid job."

...Again, an abridged version of what he said, but the gist of what he said stayed with me.

On my last day there, I punched out and said my good-byes to the staff and walked out to the covered porch of the theater when I saw that same kid try to grind down a handrail, in front of my boss, who was encouraging him. The whole thing went down in slow motion, like a scene from an old war film. I saw the kid get up on the ancient, but sturdy handrail, and make his descent with the skateboard, but his baggy shirt got snagged on the end of the handrail and brought him down with a soft thud and a wail of agony. My boss leapt to the boy's side, dropping his cheap cigar on the step.

"Oh my God—Do something!" he yelled at me while the boy sat up and looked around to make sure that none of his buddies saw his spill.

I plucked my nametag off slowly and tried to wrap my brain around what I just saw. The kid had a few bloodless scratches, a ripped designer shirt and what I could only guess to be the start of a bruised tailbone. My boss, on the other hand, looked as though he was having a heart attack. He was pale as a sheet and breathing heavily, clutching the boy to his chest. It was the most worked-up I'd seen him since the first Star Wars prequel. I shrugged.

"Go get his mom, I'm sure she's in the theater somewhere." And with that, I left.

I probably would have done something if the kid was actually hurt, but from what I saw, the only thing really damaged here was pride. Besides, I'd always been a fan of karma; the idea that what goes around comes around.

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READING CONNECTION (continued)

Short Response 1



Short Response questions should require up to 5 minutes to answer. A complete answer is worth 2 points and a partial answer is worth 1 point.

What does the narrator reveal about her own values and attitudes?

Give details from the story to support your answer.

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READING CONNECTION (continued)

Short Response 2



Short Response questions should require up to 5 minutes to answer. A complete answer is worth 2 points and a partial answer is worth 1 point.

What attitudes cause the narrator to reprimand the boys?

Give details from the story to support your answer.

Blank Workspace:

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READING CONNECTION (continued)

Short Response 3



Short Response questions should require up to 5 minutes to answer. A complete answer is worth 2 points and a partial answer is worth 1 point.

Why does the narrator refuse to help the boy in the end?

Give details from the story to support your answer.

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Long Response 1



Extended Response questions usually require up to 10 minutes to answer. A complete answer is worth 4 points. A partial answer is worth 1, 2, or 3 points.

What values and attitudes does the narrator impute to her manager, the unruly boys, the woman and her “hubby”?

Give details from the story.

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Long Response 2



Extended Response questions usually require up to 10 minutes to answer. A complete answer is worth 4 points. A partial answer is worth 1, 2, or 3 points.

When the narrator leaves her manager with the boy, is her gesture genuinely heroic or is it merely the misguided idealism of a rebellious adolescent?

Give details from the story.
